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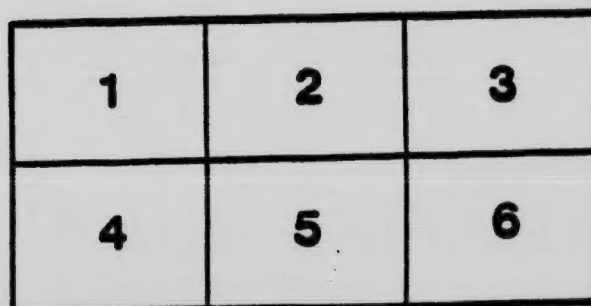
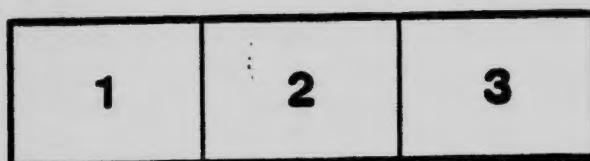
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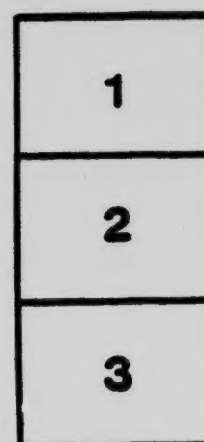
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Doggerel Character Sketch



YARMOUTH, N. S.

1917



By C. H. ROBBINS

FC 2349

Y3

R39

1917

P444

Doggerel Character Sketch

YARMOUTH, N. S.

By C. H. Robbins.

Many poems have been written, and songs have been made
About Yarmouth's dead heroes, but I'm not afraid
To make a short rhyme about some who are living
So that they can enjoy it; but I have a misgiving
That some might not take it just as it's intended,
So I'd like to ask of those who are offended
To remember that rhymers great licence must take
With any old word the right metre to make,
So if you don't like it, I swear by St. Peter
I am not to blame,—it's the fault of the metre.

I suppose the biggest man in the town should come first;—
He may be the best or he may be the worst,—
Who knows? Anyhow, he's our Mayor so grand,
And His Worship Jake Grant is some swell in the land.
No doubt he and his council board, all men of action,
Will conduct town affairs to our great satisfaction.

No local poem is complete less Maggie Kelley;
She's got a big heart, and she makes prize jelly.
We hope when she dies she'll go right to Glory,
But she won't stay long if there's one wee tory.

An experienced poet would have a great time
With Dr. Perrin, and no doubt make a rhyme
That would take one more than a week to read,
And be most interesting and funny indeed;
But being only amateur, and not very courageous,
I don't dare to deal with things so outrageous;
So I'll let him alone, the rabid old tory,
And consign him with "Mag" to a home in Glory.

Dr. Bambrick comes in for a big honest boast;
He's the very best man at after dinner toast.
But for coffee and cake and lots of it—don't smile—
Harold Spears and Cora Powers have them all skun a mile.

No modern Yarmouthian who ever liked fish
Will forget Louis Porter, and always will wish,
That after a long life of toil, lift, and lug,
He'll realize his ambition to "Git in wid de big bug."

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And there's Gristle Dave Saunders who sells us our meat;
He's got a nice store, and it looks very neat,
But no human teeth, and no gormand or wizzard,
Could ever digest it without a strong gizzard.

And Dr. Farish, the medical butcher,
With F. C. Kinney, second edition of Dutcher;
They'd make a good team to kill off all the drudges,
And get them to Heaven as sober as Judges.

And Lovett Hines and Captain A. Horner
Who love to stand about post office corner;
They must have a wager,—at least that's their rating—
To see which can do the most expectorating.

Poor old black Bill Rogers will go till he's dead
For his Halifax Herald to read before bed,
And the click on the pavement of his cane and feet
Is known by each sleeper along Cliff Street.

It's time now to make mention of James Rozee,
Who keeps us all sweet as we can be,
With cakes and candies. What would we do without him?
He makes good ice-cream, too—that's enough about him.

And then there's Frank Robbins, the big fat sinner,
Who goes without breakfast, but eats for his dinner
Enough for a dozen, big strong fisher folk;
If you had to cook it you'd think it no joke.

There is Capt. John Murphy, who makes our weather—
Say right here if we all clubbed together
Would not make worse than he has the last year—
Would not turn him out and try Tommy Gear?
Too old for the band, his wind's on the bum,
And we'd like windless weather for some time to come.

Great Guns! there's Ann Anderson! I almost forgot.—
She tends all the auctions, and buys every pot,—
Yes, every old thing, and the price makes her smile,
For she sells it again at a profit worth while.

When the fire alarm blows, Mel Trefry starts to run,
And he's right on the spot as if shot from a gun.
He's got Lake George water so trained, and efficient,
That only one word from his lips is sufficient,
And it pours itself out on the spot that is best,
The fire's out in a minute, and you're back in your nest.

There is Chas. R. Stoneman, our post office man,—
But we must hurry along as fast as we can,
Else some of the worthie's will sure be left out,
Which will make them madder than being in it, no doubt.
In passing, I'll say that from South End to Milton
There's no kinder heart than beats in Brad Hilton.

In the rank of educators Murray Lawson claims renown
As a live encyclopedia of the shipping of the town;
In fact, on any old subject no one dares to dispute him;
But he ne'er goes to church—the preacher don't suit him.—

Pat Wyman and Kempton deserve passing mention;
The cads all revere them, and it is their intention
To teach every boy and girl under their care
The very best things to be learned anywhere.

The preachers—well here's a hard task I admit,
To get them all in the best way they will fit,
But here goes—let me see—there's the great Dr. Hill,—
He's a fairly good preacher, deny it who will.
Then Mr. Bezanson, and Philips comes third.
But I'd like to tell them, were I a small bird,
To cut it short quicker and let us home to our dinners;
They can't hope at one session to convert all the sinners
The rest of the clergy, we'll soon be without 'em,
So I think I won't bother any more about 'em.

In the music profession we have a great host
Of artists; I don't know which one is loved most,
Since old Neddie Sweeny ceased from his fiddlin',
The artists in that line have been very middlin'.
Of course Mrs. Helmes does the best that she can,
And we're all glad to hear them, woman or man.
Professor Roy Williams, he bangs ivory keys
From morning till night, and makes ones blood freeze
With his rare execution of classic and rag;
It's just born in him, and he's no hand to drag.
The singers? Great Heaven! Must I name every one?
If so, I'll be sorry, I ever begun.
There are Gardener and Cann, that pair so funny,
And Temple Quartette, who sing without money,
And Gordon Lewis, with his big deep basso,
And Mel Parker of Milton, our local Caruso.
And a soprano in Zion choir who'd beat Jenny Lind,
If she had the voice and a little more wind.
Dear me! there are so many, its very confusing,
And if I don't look out, I'll get some abusing
For putting folks last who think they should be first,
Or 'tother way about—I wonder which would be worst!

I have left many out, whose voices are charming,
And others, who really would do better at farming,
And still others whose voices we almost could like,
If their tremulo stop would go on a long strike.
However, I'll leave them to think as they please,
So that when they are asked they'll sing with more ease.

And here are a lot who can't have a full verse,—
Just one line apiece, or two,—very terse,
There's Clark Robt n^r, the shoe man,—long, lank and lean,
And Ferris Koritem, who is never too clean,
And Dominick Noah, who lives in the ark,
And muttering Joe Berry, who's skin is so dark,
And Joe Shediack, that great advertiser,
Who's store looks as though it belongs to a miser.
Who would put our coal in, if not Lawrence—Big Bill?
Who'll keep our streets clean? Why the "Tidy-man" will,
And there's Arthur R. Suttie who washes our duds,
And Benny Trask, dealer in blooms and buds,
And John A. Craig, that Oddfellow crank,
Who also sells drugs and perfumes so rank,
And poor Jim Hayes, who is now "doing time,"
And Tom Pitt, the nigger, who slaps on the lime,
And Hiram Goudry, the clerk of the town,
And E. K. Spinney, of wholesale renown,
And Robert S. Eakins, that great benefactor,
And his brother, Arthur, who'd make a good actor,
And J. D. Dennis, who hates Timothy Eaton,
And Albert Cook, who makes long prayers in meetin',
And Wm. Lloyd Porter, and Issy, the Jew,
And Dr. Penchard, who likes the front pew,
And J. D. Rolston, who gives us the news,
And Dr. Trowell, who shakes the muse,
And Benjamin Doane, who stuffs dogs and cats,
And bears, and birds, and mice and rats,
And George W. Johnson, that octogenarian,
Who shot a big moose while out cranberryin',
And E. J. Vickery, who sells loads of books,
And Jake Porter, the reader (won't be hung for good looks)
And Madam LeBlanc, who makes all our dresses,
And charms the stern sex with smiles and caresses.
And Charlie Carey, who informs us each week
Of every one in the county, and every word they speak,
And Harry B^ol, who peddles skimmed milk,
And W. D. Ross, a big dealer in silk,
And Tim Maloney, who cuts the men's hair,
And tells all the gossip while they're in the chair.
And lawyer Chipman, that smart little rooster,
And Oscar Davis, the town's famous booster,
And Billy Simms, who builds houses for people,

And Penn Spicer, who plays the chimes in the steeple,
And Barney Keenan, who is blind as a bat,
And Jimmy Adams, who is worse than that,
And Sandy Lewis, the South End post master,
And Pollywog Joe, who just met with disaster,
And Bill Phillips, the truckman, and E. Budd Rogers
(If they live very long they'll be funny old codgers)
And those kids, Albert Hood and Ralph U. Brown,
Whose auctions block up the best corner in town,
And George R. Earle, and our friend Debby Beals—
He has too many, and she too few meals—
And old Joe Burrell, who looks after the jail,
And C. J. O'Hanley, who takes folks for a sail
And Chester Smith, who has many good friends,
And Daniel Allen the court house tends,
And Captain George Doty, the town assessor,
And W. E. Young, the father confessor,
And Dr. Williamson, expert on McBurney's point,—
But Putnam's the man if your nose is out of joint—
Dr. Webster is good, no odds what is the matter,—
And Harding,—ugh! he makes all our teeth chatter.
And Kirk brothers, famous for Potmohoff tea,
And the Cains, a close second with Wood's coffee,
And C. C. Richards, of Minard's Liniment fame,
And Dr. Fuller, who was not to blame
When his automobile smashed another man's car
(If you think he was, it shows how wise you are).
And Jessie Crosby, who just got married,
(We are glad it happened before she was buried)
And Albert Gayton, recorder of deeds,
And Thomas Langtry, who pulls out the weeds,
And Cpts. Arth. McKinnon and Ern Kinney so clever,
Whose names are engraved on tablets forever,
And Mr. Kelty, of opera house fame,
(If the house don't pay, he's not to blame)
And Maria Moses, the friend of the poor,
And W. L. Rogers, who lives next door,
And Charlie Dyke, who repairs clocks and watches,
And Jim Wallace and son—they're plumbers, not botchers—
And Ned Baker, who runs the Grand Hotel,—
Few under the sun could do it as well.
And Landry and Cameron we'll give them their due,
They'll see you get justice—the fee is right too—
And Hal Cann, who plays such a swift game of hockey,
And Ezra Weston, the trusty horse jockey,
And if brothers, as we're taught, should always agree,
Why Bert Horton should be kicked by a jackass, palls me.
And T. V. B. Bingay, called "Bus," for short,
And Roy Cann,—well, if you come to this port,
Have naught in your trunk that you value for beauty,

As he is sure to ransack and seize it for duty,
 How unfortunate if I should forget Will Spinney;
 He's a coming man; so is little George Kinney,
 And Les Porter, who sells us our shoes for much gold,
 And Nathan Smith shines them up when they are old;
 And who does not know and love Alice Johnson;
 But if you've the tooth-ache, see Doctor Melanson,
 And Corning, the ice man, with his genial smile,
 And Ann Spinks, who has always been free from guile,
 And Prescott Baker, and Seymour, his brother,—
 They'll get all there is in it, some how or other—
 And Ene Parker, we'll forgive him for trying to be witty,
 Because, if well paid, he'll make us look pretty;
 And George S. Taylor,—it's funny but its true—
 He's Taylor by name and tailor by trade, too.
 Andy Patterson would like to be in this procession,
 So would Smith Harding, if he made honest confession,
 So would Leslie Lovett, and dye-man Critcher,
 And Albert McLaughlin, who'd like to be richer,
 And tug-boat Charl. Cann, and Charl. Cann, the tailor,
 And Joe Boyd, who for years was Yarmouth's best sailor,
 So would Arthur Rogers, and so would Pick Cook,
 But this wasn't intended to fill a whole book;
 And Charles R. Kelley—it must never be hinted,
 Or he'll take me to Dorchester for having this printed.
 And E. B. Cann, and barber Bill Bracket,
 Who fell down stairs and kicked up such a racket.
 And Stipendiary Pelton, who sentences knaves,
 And Thomas Grace, who looks after our graves.
 Oh! where will I stop? I have it, right here,
 Its the very best place, for the end is so near.
 And when we're all done with our troublesome neighbors,
 Arth Vanhorn or Vern Sweeny, with all the kind neighbors,
 Will make a great spread, and get us under the sod,
 And then very solemnly, leave us to God.

